

The Married Life of Helen and Warren

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Helen is Awed by Their English Valet, but Warren Refuses to Be Impressed

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"Where do you want this, ma'am?" the porter lowered the trunk from his shoulder.

"Right here behind the door," Helen shoved a chair out of the way. "That small one you can put there by the dresser."

While he unstrapped the trunks, Helen got out her purse. Would a six pence tip be enough? But at the last moment his brass buttons and gilt braid made her fumble hurriedly for a shilling.

When the door closed after him, she began an eager, delighted inspection of the rooms. They were the "bachelor chambers" of an army officer now in the war. "Bedroom, living room and bath; valet and catering," the advertisement had read.

As they were to be in London several weeks longer, Helen had rebelled at the hotel room without bath, for which they were paying an exorbitant price.

This place she had found through sheer luck—and the London Times. To Helen it looked like the stage setting of a bachelor's room in a Pinero play.

"Shall I unpack Mr. Curtis' things now, ma'am?"

With a start Helen turned to find Leopold, the valet, beside her.

"I beg your pardon, ma'am, but if you'll give me the key to Mr. Curtis' trunk—"

Helen thought fast. Her knowledge of a valet's duties was vague, gathered mainly from what she had seen on the stage. She did not want this man to unpack Warren's trunk, but she was too much awed by him to say so.

Nervously she watched him take out the things and arrange them in the closet and chiffonier. On account of the war they had brought few clothes, and she was uncomfortably conscious that Warren's wardrobe must appear very meager to this smart English servant.

She tried to seem absorbed in her own unpacking, as with elaborate care he refolded a pair of worn, faded pajamas that she had thought Warren could wear once more before she threw them away.

Warren's soiled linen he had already carried off, while she looked on helplessly. Now he threw a suit over his arm and started off again.

"Is there anything of yours you'd like brushed, ma'am?"

"No, I think not," relieved to have him go.

But with soft-footed stealth he kept reappearing. He brought back Warren's suit, then took away his shoes. Disconcerting as was his presence, it gave her a delightful feeling of affluence. Helen's idea of luxury had always been the luxury of the English novel and play. And now that she was in something of that atmosphere, she tried to "live up" to it.

Instead of unpacking in her cotton-crepe kimono, she slipped on a silk negligee. And when at four o'clock the valet brought her tea, she leaned back in one of the luxurious leather chairs while he served it before the fire.

It was after six when Warren came. She greeted him joyously.

"Hello, all settled?" as he hung up his overcoat.

"Oh, yes, dear, isn't it wonderful? I could hardly wait till you came. I'm wild about these rooms!"

"Looks like we're going to be pretty comfortable here."

"And just think—it'll not cost any more than the hotel."

"Not as much—not so many tips. How about that valet? He showed up yet?"

"Dear, he's been here every minute! He doesn't knock, and he walks so softly, you can't hear him."

"Don't like him gum-shoeing around, eh?"

"Oh yes—yes," hastily. "If I could only know when he's coming."

"Might mine the entrance hall," grinned Warren. "Hello, where'd this come from? Been having a high-ball?" as he took up a half-filled syphon from the sideboard.

"Oh, I found that down here," Helen opened the cupboard underneath. "The valet must have overlooked it. And these, too," taking out a box of cigarettes. "Look they're crested and initialed."

"Huh, don't think much of a man who has his cigarettes initialed. One of those monocolored, white-spatted Johnnies."

"Well, the valet ought to put some of these best things away."

"Don't you worry; that agent was mighty keen about our reference."

They're not taking anybody in here without knowing who they are."

"I love this lamp shade—doesn't it give a soft light? Look how it's made—just strips of Japanese embroidery."

But Warren was busy exploring the sideboard. From a lower drawer he produced a corkscrew, a shriveled lemon, some cloves and a broken spangled fan.

"Huh, a gay old codger! That valet overlooked a lot of things."

Helen was examining the fan. It still held a faint fragrance.

"Can't you picture an after-theater supper here—and she forgot her fan? Maybe that's she," glancing at a photograph in a silver frame.

"Maybe it isn't," scoffed Warren. "That imagination of yours'll get you into trouble yet." Then as he stepped into the bedroom, "Say, how about this bed? Looks mighty narrow to me."

"Why, dear, we've often slept in a three-quarter bed."

"Well, if we're going to stay here, I want a good wide bed. I'll speak to that agent tomorrow."

"But these are Colonel Craig's things. They couldn't change the bed."

"Well, if they've rented these rooms to two people, they've got to put in a bed two people can sleep on. See here, this ought to be locked." He had opened the door of a narrow closet crowded with boxes, papers and letter files. "We're not going to be responsible for all this truck. Where's that valet? How do you get him, anyway?"

"I don't know; he's been here all day. Wait, I'll try this bell. Just think, dear, when we get back we can say we've had a valet over here!"

"Not on your life!" scowled Warren, who loathed any form of pretense. "Any blowing about this valet business—we'll can right now!"

Helen flushed. "Well, Mrs. Stevens is always talking about the way they travel, and the wonderful rooms they have. I'd like her to know—"

"Mrs. Stevens can blow all she wants to. But don't let me hear you—"

"Did you ring, sir?" Leopold stood in the door.

"Yes, you'd better lock up this closet. We can't be responsible for all these things."

"Yes, sir, the key's been mislaid, but I'll have one fitted, sir."

"Well, see to it tomorrow."

"Yes, sir; thank you, sir. What time shall I draw your bath, sir?"

"That's all right; I'll draw my own bath. You can serve our breakfast at eight-thirty sharp. And order me the Times. That's all."

"Thank you sir." At the door he hesitated. "I—I don't find any boot-trees in your trunk, sir. Perhaps you left them at the hotel, sir."

Breathlessly Helen waited for Warren's answer. It came crisp and curt. "Never had a pair of boot-trees in my life."

"I—I beg your pardon, sir," and Leopold departed precipitately.

"Oh, what made you say that?" gasped Helen.

"What'd you want me to say—that 'my man in New York left them out'?" mockingly.

"Of course not, but he needn't know—"

"Know what? That I'm not aping any of these bounders over here? Jove, you love pretense! Fairly wallow in it—don't you? Want everybody to think we've a pile of money, eh?"

"Warren, I don't," Helen flushed painfully. "You know I don't!"

"Huh, I know you make things out a whole lot different from what they are. Both times we've been over here it's been on business—and on the cheap, too. You're a darn sight more careful of the coin than I am. Yet to hear you talk, anybody'd think we came abroad every year for our health, and spent money like water."

"That isn't true," indignantly. "You can't tell me one thing I ever said—"

"I can't, eh? How about that hot air you always get off about buying your clothes 'abroad'? And we never have anybody to dinner that you don't manage to ring in something about getting our china in England. And all you ever bought over here was six teacups!"

"But, Warren—" began Helen feebly, the color flaming her face.

"I've stood for that, but I'll be hanged if I'll stand for any talk about 'our valet.' The first time you put on that company air of yours and spiel off something about 'the valet Mr. Curtis had in London'—well, there'll be trouble. Now just remember that!"

BEST TO COMPROMISE

DURATION OF FULL SKIRT STYLE IS UNCERTAIN.

Wiseest Course Is to Have Them Made of Moderate Width With a Leaning Toward Fullness—Altering Last Year's Gowns.

In going over the season's wardrobe it is the best to stake one's chances on the wide skirt staying with us until July or August. There are dressmakers who are prophets, and who say that we shall probably wear the full skirt for two or three years at least. There are others who say it will be out of fashion by mid-summer. The only way to be even partly safe is to compromise on moderate width with a leaning toward fullness.

If your last summer skirts had long tunics, the remedy is easy. That truism has been repeated over and again for two months. The added fact that the new skirts, both plaited and



Matching Parasol and Frock—Blue and White Striped Chiffon With Parasol to Match.

circular, have wide bands of a different fabric and sometimes of a different color at the hem, gives one even more hope for successful alteration.

Plaiting is in high demand and the knife-plaited tunic, therefore, which was considered as an unfashionable garment, can be made into a skirt by the addition of a deep band. It may be of satin if the skirt is of cloth, or cloth if the skirt is of silk. No one objects to these combinations nowadays.

Then there is the question of the long sleeve to be answered. Suppose the gowns of last year, also the coats, had three-quarter sleeves—what then? Fortunately, fashion has brought about the use of double sleeves. The upper part is opaque, the lower part transparent; therefore one can add chiffon or muslin, net or lace to a short sleeve and bring it down to the wrist. These lower sleeves are very often full as well as transparent, and they are finished at the wrist with a velvet bracelet and a narrow ruffle. All these details are good to remember when you are up against the task of altering sleeves.

There has come about an odd combination of fabrics in the last month which allows a plaited skirt to be attached to a straight, long-waisted, belted blouse of another fabric. This idea is very helpful to the woman who is altering clothes.

Take, for instance, a white serge at the back from wrist half way to elbow with blue and red silk cords through white embroidered eyelets, and there was a turnover collar of white embroidered linen.

As strong as the belt and normal waist line seemed to be among the majority of gowns, there is also a very fashionable frock that calls for a straight line from shoulder to hem. It is slim until it reaches the hips, where the side plaiting begins to spring out and give it a flare. These frocks have low hip pieces formed of embroidery or machine cording to break the long lines down the body. They are especially effective in white linen trimmed with pale yellow and in pongee and shantung.

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Strengthening Sock Heel.

Strengthening the heel is invaluable in knitting socks and stockings, especially in the socks knitted now for army use. The method recommended as being the best by many authorities is to knit in a thread of silk. This is durable, and not clumsy and liable to contract as is the double wool. Silk is softer than cotton, but a spool of black cotton, No. 20, unglazed, will answer the purpose.

DISGUISE THE POWDER PUFF

Quaint Designs That Make Ornaments of the Ever-Essential Toilet Article.

Here are two novel ways of disguising the ever-essential powder puff. The first can be made of ribbon about four inches wide and eight or nine inches long, the selvedge edges folded and sewed together, except for about two inches at the center, making a strip of double silk nine inches long and two inches wide. Now gather each end up tightly and attach a silk tassel the same shade or contrasting with the color of the ribbon. Slip two ivory rings over the little bag, and you have an old-fashioned purse just like grandmother used for her pen-nies, but which you will use to hold in one end a powder puff, very diminutive, but quite adequate, and in the other end a mirror of the same dimensions. This little vanity bag can be carried out in the shades of the favorite evening gown, and makes a dainty and inconspicuous accessory for the carrying of the evening's ammunition. The second puff is for the dressing table, and is in the shape of a bisque ballerina, with voluminous marine skirts, who poises lightly atop of a glass powder jar. The puff is attached in some mysterious manner to the little bisque body, and the marine skirts act as a pretty ornament and a practical cover for the powder beneath. They can easily be renewed from time to time as they become soiled or mussed.

TUB FROCKS OF EVERY KIND

Charming Light Materials Are Offered for Afternoon Wear During the Warm Weather.

Very charming materials are shown for afternoon frocks for the warm days, in a great variety of weaves, colors and design. Pretty voiles with white or putty colored backgrounds have large dots in a contrasting color. Another voile comes in the old-fashioned Dolly Varden patterns worn by our grandmothers when styles similar to our own were in vogue. The new tiled checks are seen in all colors, and are quite smart, as well as practical for tub frocks. White cotton eponage in fancy weaves is suitable for skirts or suits. Lovely fancy organdies and nets in all-over designs come in the darker shades. Heavy nonperishable linens in colors which make useful suits for a small boy or girl are inexpensive. A great variety of ramie linens may be had one yard wide. Sheer French crepes for blouses or frocks are embroidered in Dresden designs.

Attractive Japanese crepes in various light shades make pretty tub dresses, practical for the grown-ups as well as for the younger members of the family, as they are easily laundered. Another quality of crepe to be had in stripes and other designs is suitable for tailored skirts.

IN NATURE OF A REVIVAL



In the old "pelisse" style: A model in blue serge. Made like an old-fashioned "pelisse," this model is carried gown copied from a late Callot model in which the long, straight, girl's blouse was of white satin attached under a line of embroidered scalloped below the waist to a knife-plaited skirt of thin, supple white serge. The long, white satin sleeves were laced out in blue serge, over a foundation of black corded silk, with a drapery of silk drawn round the hips. The upper part of the frock opens over folds of cream net, the collar being of black silk, while the embroidery appearing in the front is in silks, black bugle and silver thread. One of the net close-fitting black-velvet hats, edged with a tiny trimming of skunk, completes the costume.

TEMPERANCE NOTES

(Conducted by the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union.)

EXCELLENT EXAMPLE.

By command of King George of England no wines or spirits will be allowed to be consumed in any of his majesty's houses.

The question of drink and its effect on the work necessary for the prosecution of war overshadows everything else in public interest.

The press and the public favor some drastic measures, a majority of the newspapers expressing the belief that total prohibition, which would appeal to all classes, is necessary.

King George's example and appeal is said to have had a most remarkable effect at Glasgow. The shipyards of that city comprise probably the hardest drinking community in Great Britain, but after word was received of the king's action by concerted agreement the laborers are reported to have shunned the bar-rooms.

Government leaders have stated that they are considering the question not from a moral, but from an economic standpoint. They believe the country will gain financially by any movement suppressing the sale of liquor. A manufacturer, who is a student of the drink problem, says: "If the public saw the time-sheets of industrial concerns engaged in manufacturing munitions of war, showing the contrast between the work done by teetotalers and drinkers, it would be appalled. The days lost by drinkers reduce their working time on an average to three full days a week. Britain's drink bill is twice as much per capita as America's, four times as much as Canada's, and far the highest of any country in the world."

OH, FOR A DESPOT!

For years we dry, teetotal cranks have tried to slay the demon Rum, and from our agitated ranks all sorts of shrieks and prayers have come. Such weapons as were at command we have employed, as best we knew, and every corner of the land has heard our earnest howdy-do. We gain a little every year, small triumphs follow every slump; a village there, a county here, cuts out the booze and hits the pump. But, oh! it is a weary task, this toiling onward, stage by stage, while Barleycorn, with jug and flask, still poisons Youth and murders Age! But in this country of the free we cannot burn the boozing den, or lock the door and lose the key—the Beast must linger in its den, until the law, that's halt and lame, can be persuaded of the truth, and urged to kill the thing of shame that fattens on the nation's youth. Enlightened Russia knows the way, great Russia, with her tyrant czar; he twists his wrist, and in a day the lid is placed on every bar. The wish is treason, much I fear, and I am shaking in my shoes—I wish we had a despot here, just long enough to kill Old Booze.—Walt Mason.

MEXICO AND DRINK.

"Pancho" Villa, the Mexican leader, has declared for prohibition. Personally he is a total abstainer and does not even smoke. In an interview recently he announced: "Mexico will be without liquor when peace comes if it is in my power. Mexico is suffering from it now. It is not only the effect of the drink upon those who drink it, but the effect upon those who are to come. Most of the epilepsy is caused by drunkenness. The children are the sufferers and, as usual, the poor suffer the most from it. The president of a people might not be a drinker himself, but so long as he permits his people to play with poison he is showing himself a weakling. I will not permit it among my officers. It makes them less efficient. When my troops reach a town I order all of the saloons closed. Some of my men have been shot for drunkenness, and some saloon keepers have been executed for selling it to the soldiers."

THE SECOND GENERATION.

Ex-President Taft and his two sons, Robert W. and Charles P., differ decidedly on the prohibition question. Shortly after Mr. Taft vetoed the Kenyon-Webb bill as unconstitutional, Robert W. Taft, his oldest son, published in the Harvard Law Review an article showing that his learned father was wrong in his conclusions. Quite recently the ex-president has given public expression to his opposition to state-wide and nation-wide prohibition, but his son, Charles P. Taft, a member of the Yale trio which met the Syracuse university team in a freshmen debate on state and national prohibition, stoutly defended prohibition and took the stand that prohibition laws have been successful where they have been given a chance, citing especially Maine and Kansas.